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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL L 272Y

"DOCTOR WHO" 7Q

TX'89

'GHOST LIGHT'

by

Marc Platt

EPISODE ONE

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7Q - EPISODE ONE 'GHOST LIGHT'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
ACE

JOSIAH SAMUEL SMITH, A VICTORIAN NATURALIST
REV. ERNEST MATTHEWS, DEAN OF MORTARHOUSE COLLEGE, OXFORD
GWENDOLINE, JOSIAH'S WARD
NIMROD, A NEANDERTHAL MANSERVANT
MRS. PRITCHARD, THE NIGHTHOUSEKEEPER
REDVERS FENN-COOPER, AN EXPLORER
MRS. GROSE, THE DAY HOUSEKEEPER
MAID (DAY STAFF)

NON SPEAKING:

MAID (DAY STAFF)
FOUR MAIDS (NIGHT STAFF)
TWO ALIEN CREATURES (HUSKS)

HEARD, BUT NOT SEEN:

VOICE OF CONTROL (ALIEN CREATURE)

* * * * *

SETS:

Gabriel Chase House:
 Hallway and landing
 Drawing/Dining Room
Upper Observatory
Study
Lower Observatory and Lift Access Tunnel (Stone spaceship)
Upstairs corridor
Trophy Room
Bedroom
Empty Bedroom
Lift

* * * * *

LOCATION:

Establishing shots of Victorian style house

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO" 7Q

'GHOST LIGHT'

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EPISODE ONE

1. EXT. THE HOUSE OF GABRIEL CHASE. SUNSET.

(ESTABLISHING SHOTS.

THE STATUE OF AN
ANGEL STANDS GRIM
GUARD BESIDE THE
FRONT STEPS OF A
VICTORIAN COUNTRY
HOUSE.

STANDING IN SPACIOUS
GROUNDS WITH A BROAD
DRIVE LEADING UP TO
ITS DOORS, THE HOUSE
IS A DESIRABLE
RESIDENCE FOR ANY
WELL HEELED VICTORIAN
LANDOWNER.

THE HOUSE BOASTS AN
UNUSUAL FEATURE IN
THE GLASS DOMED
OBSERVATORY ON THE
CORNER OF THE ROOF
ON ONE WING.

A CAPTION INFORMS US:
"1883")

2. INT. LOWER OBSERVATORY AND ACCESS TUNNEL.

(THE FOLDING
DOOR OF AN
ANTIQUE LIFT
CONCERTINAS OPEN
AND MRS. PRITCHARD
THE NIGHT HOUSEKEEPER
EMERGES, PALE AND
GAUNT, DRESSED IN
BLACK WITH HAIR
SCRAPED BACK INTO A
BUN.

SHE CARRIES A GLASS
OIL LAMP AND IS
FOLLOWED BY AN
EQUALLY GAUNT MAID
IN FULL VICTORIAN
MOPCAP REGALIA, WHO
CARRIES A METAL TRAY
WITH A DOMED COVER.

THEY MOVE UP A SHORT
ACCESS TUNNEL CUT
INTO SOLID BEDROCK.,
PAST PALAEOLITHIC
PAINTINGS ON THE
CURVED WALLS DEPICTING
MAMMOTHS, BISON, ETC.

THEY ENTER A LARGE
ROOM, FURNISHED IN
TASTEFUL VICTORIANA
WITH A DESK, A
BUREAU, ASPIDISTRAS
AND SEVERAL DISPLAYS
OF STUFFED ANIMALS
AND BIRDS IN GLASS
CASES. THERE ARE
NO WINDOWS.

THE ROOM IS
SURROUNDED BY
DRAPES AND
SCREENS, DISGUIISING
THE FACT THAT THIS
IS REALLY A STONE
SPACECRAFT, AND
HIDING A MULTITUDE
OF LESS TASTEFUL
AND VERY ALIEN
SECRETS.

CROSSING THE
CHAMBER, MRS. PRITCHARD
DRAWS BACK A DRAPE
TO REVEAL A PANELLED
DOOR IN THE STONE
WALL.

(Note: Beside the
door is a small table
with a Victorian style
telephone on it)

MRS. PRITCHARD LOOKS
THROUGH A SPYHOLE IN
THE DOOR, THERE IS AN
ANIMAL GRUNT FROM
INSIDE)

MRS. PRITCHARD: (FORMAL) I have brought
you your dinner. And your Times.

(USING A HOOKED
STICK, MRS. PRITCHARD
OPENS A PANEL AT THE
DOOR'S BASE.

THE MAID UNCOVERS
THE TRAY TO REVEAL
CHUNKS OF RAW FRUIT
AND VEGETABLES ON
BEST CHINA, A TUMBLER
OF RED WINE AND A
FOLDED COPY OF THE
TIMES FROM 1883.
NO CUTLERY.

THE MAID IS SLIDING
THE TRAY UNDER THE
DOOR WHEN IT IS
SNATCHED OUT OF HER
GRASP.

- 1/4 -

THE MAID LOOKS
UP AT MRS. PRITCHARD

AFTER A SECOND,
THE TRAY IS FLUNG
OUT AGAIN, FOOD
AND ALL. ONLY THE
TIMES HAS GONE.

THERE IS THE
SOUND OF ANGRY
ANIMAL WAILING.

MRS. PRITCHARD AND
THE MAID DRAW
SLOWLY BACK AS
THE DOOR SHUDDERS
UNDER A RAIN OF
BLOWS FROM INSIDE.

AT THE SPY HOLE
IS A DARTING EYE)

- 4 -

3. INT. HALLWAY. GABRIEL CHASE. DUSK.

(A WIDE HALL
WITH A CENTRAL
STAIRCASE LEADING
UP TO A LANDING.

A FRONT DOOR
OPPOSITE THE
STAIRS.

A DOOR LEADS OFF
TO THE DRAWING
ROOM ON ONE SIDE
AND THERE ARE
EXITS WHICH IMPLY
CORRIDORS LEADING
DEEPER INTO THE
HOUSE. IN AN
ALCOVE, A DOOR
IN THE PANELLING
CONCEALS THE
FOLDING DOOR AT
THE TOP OF THE
LIFT SHAFT.

THERE IS A LARGE
GRANDFATHER
SHOWING TWENTY
FIVE TO SIX.

ABOVE THE STAIRS
IS A LARGE STAINED
GLASS WINDOW.

THE WOOD PANELLING
OF THE WALLS CONCEALS
COMPARTMENTS BEHIND
WHICH THE NIGHT
SERVANTS LURK DURING
THE DAY.

THE DOOR-BELL IS
JANGLING.

MRS. GROSE, THE
DAY HOUSEKEEPER,
A HOMELY DUMPLING
OF A WOMAN, FLUSTERS
ACROSS THE HALL TO
THE FRONT DOOR.

SHE WEARS HER COAT
AND HOLDS HER
BONNET. SHE WAS
ON THE WAY HOME.

TWO MAIDS, ALSO
IN COATS OR SHAWLS,
HOVER ANXIOUSLY AT
THE FOOT OF THE
STAIRS.

MRS. GROSE OPENS
THE FRONT DOOR.

THE REV. ERNEST MATTHEWS
BARGES IN. A ROTUND
SELF-RIGHTEOUS MAN
WITH A SCHOLARLY AIR,
MASSIVE SIDEBURNS AND
LITTLE TIME FOR
SERVANTS)

ERNEST: Tell your master that the
Reverend Ernest Matthews has arrived.

(MRS. GROSE IS
FLUMMOXED. SHE
WANTED TO GET AWAY
BUT HE IS ALREADY
TAKING OFF HIS HAT
AND COAT AND HANDING
THEM TO HER. SHE
PAUSES)

Well? This house is Gabriel Chase,
is it not?

MRS. GROSE: Yes, sir. (GLANCES AT THE
MAIDS) But excuse me sir, as I understood,
you would not be arriving until this
evening.

- 1/7 -

ERNEST: Madam, my patience has already been sorely tried by the interminable journey from Oxford.

MRS. GROSE: Yes sir, I'm sorry, sir. Only we don't get many visitors, you see.

ERNEST: Apparently not. Now kindly inform Mr. Smith, if he is at home, that I have answered his summons and am waiting.

- 7 -

4. INT. UPPER OBSERVATORY. SUNSET.

(THE HEAD OF
A LARGE AND
RATHER TOO
REALISTIC ROCKING
PONY.

THE PONY STANDS
BESIDE A BENCH
OF OLD FASHIONED
SCIENTIFIC
EQUIPMENT, GLASS
RETORTS, FLASKS
OF PICKLED ANIMAL
AND HUMAN ORGANS -
PARAPHERNALIA,
BUT IT IS ALL
MUDDLED UP WITH
VICTORIAN ANIMAL
TOYS. OVERHEAD,
THE GLASS DOMED
ROOF.

LOOKING THROUGH
A SPHERICAL GLASS
BOWL, THE TARDIS
APPEARS IN A CORNER
OF THE ROOM.

THE DOORS ARE
HEARD OPENING
BUT ARE NOT VISIBLE
SINCE THEY ARE
FACING THE WALL)

ACE: (O.O.V.) Professor! Thirty
second penalty!

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V. FROM INSIDE)
Just get on with it. It's all part
of the initiative test.

- 1/9 -

(ACE STARTS TO
SQUEEZE OUT
FROM BEHIND THE
TARDIS)

ACE: You're still a lousy parker.

(SHE TAKES IN
WHERE SHE IS)

Hey, playtime!

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V. AS BEFORE) Well?

ACE: It's a laboratory. No. It
could be a nursery, but the kids'd have
to be pretty advanced. And creepy.

(SHE EXAMINES
PARAPHERNALIA)

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Be concise.

(ACE GLEEFULLY
POKES ONE OF
THE TOYS. IT
WHIZZES AWAY
INTO LIFE)

ACE: It's Fun City, Professor!

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Very succinct.

ACE: It's got to be Earth.

(THE DOCTOR COMES
OUT OF THE TARDIS)

THE DOCTOR: You tell me.

- 9 -

ACE: This equipment's prehistoric.
I like the toys.

(POINTING TO THE
PICKLED SPECIMENS)

But these are pretty sick. Can't
stand dead things. It must be
Victorian.

THE DOCTOR: It's a surprise.

5 INT. HALLWAY. SUNSET.

(THE CLOCK SHOWS A
FEW MINUTES BEFORE
SIX.

THE TWO MAIDS ARE
LOOKING AT IT
ANXIOUSLY.

MRS GROSE EMERGES
FROM THE DRAWING ROOM)

MRS GROSE: All right my dears.
Don't worry.

(SHE GATHERS UP HER
BONNET AND BAG, THEN
PLACES HER SET OF KEYS
DELIBERATELY ON THE
HALL TABLE)

Our day's done. We shan't stay
a moment longer.

(SHE HURRIES TO THE
FRONT DOOR WITH THE
MAIDS. SHE STOPS
AND GIVES ONE FINAL
FORBIDDING LOOK BACK)

And heaven help anyone still here
after dark.

(THEY GO OUT, CLOSING
THE DOOR. THE SOUND
OF THE KEY TURNING
IN THE LOCK)

(NO SCENES 6 OR 7)

8. INT. UPPER OBSERVATORY. DUSK.

(THE DOCTOR IS
OBSERVING THE
NIGHT SKY THROUGH
A TELESCOPE SET
ON A PIVOT.

ACE IS SIFTING
THROUGH THE
BOTTLES OF CHEMICALS
IN A CUPBOARD)

ACE: Nothing much in here. Alum,
borax, carbon tetrachloride ...

(THE DOCTOR
ENGROSSED IN
THE SKY)

THE DOCTOR: Let me guess. Benzine,
arsenic. Boring, aren't they?

ACE: Yeah, nothing volatile or explosive.

THE DOCTOR: They're all preserving
agents in the art of taxidermy.

ACE: Art's not what I'd call it.

(ACE HAS FOUND
AN OLD-FASHIONED
TELEPHONE AMONGST
THE MUDDLE ON THE
WORKTOP. SHE LIFTS
UP THE EARPIECE AND
LOOKS FOR A BUTTON
TO PRESS)

THE DOCTOR: Did you know Aldebaran's
in conjunction with Syrinx tonight?

ACE: What I need is a phonecard.

THE DOCTOR: Hmm?

ACE: How do I ring out on this thing?

(THE DOCTOR MAKES
A DESPERATE DIVE
FOR THE TELEPHONE,
BUT SHE KEEPS OUT
OF HIS REACH)

THE DOCTOR: Ace! Put that down!

ACE: It's called initiative, remember.
All I want is the operator.

THE DOCTOR: You'll give us away.
These days trespassers land up in
Newgate.

ACE: The prison!

THE DOCTOR: Mmm. And it took three
weeks to tunnel out last time. So
give me the phone!

(HE TAKES THE
TELEPHONE FROM HER,
BUT THEY BOTH
FREEZE AS A
VOICE (JOSIAH)
SPEAKS FROM THE
OTHER END OF THE
LINE)

JOSIAH: Who's there?

THE DOCTOR: Sorry, wrong number.

(HE PUTS THE
EARPIECE BACK
ON ITS HOOK PRONTO)

9. INT. STUDY. DUSK.

(THE ROOM IS
LIT ONLY BY THE
GLOW FROM A FIRE-
PLACE. THE CURTAINS
ARE DRAWN.

MORE STUFFED
ANIMALS.

A BLEACHED WHITE
HAND SLEEVED BY A
SILK DRESSING-GOWN,
REPLACES THE
EAR PIECE OF A
TELEPHONE ON ITS
HOOK)

JOSIAH: Using a telephone, reverend
Matthews? Surely you're far too
fastidious a soul for such demonic
apparatus?

(AN ANTIQUE
MICROSCOPE.
THE SHADOWY
FIGURE BENDS OVER
IT, STARTING TO
ADJUST THE WHEEL
ON THE SIDE)

10. INT. UPPER OBSERVATORY. NIGHT.

(THE TELESCOPE
SWINGS SILENTLY
ROUND ON ITS PIVOT
TO WATCH THE DOCTOR
AND ACE.

WE SEE FROM
ITS CIRCULAR P.O.V.

ACE PLAYS WITH
ONE OF THE TOYS
WHILE THE DOCTOR
LECTURES)

THE DOCTOR: Now that you've so success-
fully drawn attention to our presence,
there's only one thing for it.

ACE: Go and introduce ourselves
properly?

THE DOCTOR: The Victorians are
sticklers for formal etiquette. We'll
have to leave the house immediately.

ACE: Don't tell me. So we can knock
on the door and come back in.

(THE DOCTOR NOTICES
THAT THE TELESCOPE
IS FACING THE
WRONG WAY. HE
SPINS IT BACK. IT
SLOWLY TURNS BACK
TOWARDS HIM)

This isn't a haunted house, is it
Professor? I told you I've got this
thing about haunted houses.

THE DOCTOR: Did you tell me that?

ACE: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: How many have you been
in?

ACE: One was enough. Never again.

(THE ROCKING PONY
NEIGHS QUIETLY
AND STARTS TO
ROCK SLOWLY BACK
AND FORTH.

IN THE DISTANCE,
THE GRANDFATHER
CLOCK STARTS TO
CHIME SIX O'CLOCK.

ACE LOOKS WORRIED)

11. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(THE WESTMINSTER
CHIMES STRIKE
DISTANTLY.

THE SHADOWY FIGURE
OF JOSIAH RISES
FROM THE MICROSCOPE.

SEATED STOCKSTILL
ON THE COUCH, STARING
UNBLINKING INTO
THE FIRELIGHT IS
GWENDOLINE, JOSIAH'S
PRETTY YOUNG WARD,
AGED ABOUT EIGHTEEN.

THE FIGURE OF
JOSIAH MOVES IN
SILENTLY BEHIND
HER. HIS WHITE
HAND ALIGHTS GENTLY
ON HER SHOULDER.

SHE IS SUDDENLY
AWAKE AND AWARE)

JOSIAH: (VERY GENTLY) I think you
should go and greet our guests, my
dear.

(WITHOUT A WORD,
GWENDOLINE RISES,
ALMOST AUTOMATICALLY,
AND GOES)

12. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(AS THE CLOCK
PLOUGH SLOWLY
THROUGH ITS SIX
STROKES, A PANEL
OPENS IN THE WALL
OF THE HALL.

IN THE ALCOVE
BEHIND EACH STANDS
A GREY-FACED MAID.

THEY SLOWLY START
TO EMERGE.

THEIR LONG SKIRTS
SWISH ACROSS THE
FLOOR IN A SLOW
PROCESSION AS THEY
CONVERGE ON THE
STAIRS.

MRS. PRITCHARD
EMERGES FROM THE
LIFT. SHE PICKS
UP THE KEYS LEFT
ON THE TABLE BY
MRS. GROSE.

MRS. PRITCHARD
TAKES HER PLACE
AT THE FOOT OF THE
STAIRS.

THE DOOR FROM THE
DRAWING ROOM OPENS
AND ERNEST EMERGES,
STOPPING IN HIS
TRACKS AS HE TAKES
IN THE GHASTLY
APPARITION BEFORE
HIM.

THE MAIDS ARE
RANGED UP THE STAIRS.
PALE, GAUNT AND
EMOTIONLESS, THEY
STARE AHEAD, AWAITING
INSTRUCTION.

MRS. PRITCHARD,
GAUNTEST OF ALL
TURNS HER HEAD
SHARPLY LIKE A
PREDATORY BIRD,
TO GLARE MENACINGLY
AT ERNEST.

THE MAIDS TURN
THEIR HEADS IN
UNISON)

ERNEST: You are aware that I have
been ringing for attention since before six
O'clock. I demand to see your master
immediately!

(MRS. PRITCHARD
STARES AS ERNEST
COMES CLOSER.

IN UNISON, THE
MAIDS BEGIN TO
DRAW CLOSER TO
ERNEST)

This insolence has gone far enough!
If I leave now Madam, Mr. Smith will
regret the consequences. The condem-
nation of the Royal Society can be
ruinous! (NO REPLY) So be it.

(MRS. PRITCHARD
DRAWS SLOWLY
CLOSER. LOOMING
OVER HIM)

GWENDOLINE: Reverend Matthews.

(ERNEST TURNS TO
SEE GWENDOLINE,
WHO HAS APPEARED
FROM THE DEPTHS
OF THE HOUSE)

You must forgive us for keeping you
waiting, sir. I am Mr. Smith's ward.

ERNEST: You are Gwendoline are
you not?

GWENDOLINE: Yes, sir. My guardian was most concerned that you had been kept waiting. Be assured he will join us shortly.

(ERNEST MOVES
CLOSER TO GWENDOLINE,
DRAWN BY HER
PRESENCE)

ERNEST: I fear that much of my discourse with him will not be pleasing to a young lady such as you.

GWENDOLINE: But we are both anxious to meet you, sir. Will you join me in the drawing room?

(TO MRS. PRITCHARD)

Bring some tea, Mrs. Pritchard.

(THE MAIDS HAVE
ALREADY GONE.

MRS. PRITCHARD
TURNS AND STALKS
INTO THE HOUSE)

13. INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(LIT BY OIL
LAMPS. MORE STUFFED
BIRDS, INCLUDING
A GREAT AUK.

HALF WAY ALONG
IS A PAIR OF
LONG CURTAINS.

TWO MAIDS PASS
THROUGH.

AFTER THEY HAVE
GONE, THE DOCTOR
AND ACE SNEAK
OUT OF HIDING)

ACE: (LOOKING ROUND) We used to
go to museums on school trips. It
was always "don't touch, don't wander
off, don't get the school a bad name."
Still did it though.

THE DOCTOR: The front door must be
this way.

(ACE PEERS AT THE
GREAT AUK. FACE TO
FACE, ONLY INCHES
FROM ITS LETHAL
BEAK)

ACE: Hallo. What did a nice Great
Auk, like you do to deserve this?
You got stuffed and it wasn't even
Christmas.

THE DOCTOR: Ace. Over here.

ACE: See you later.

(ACE MOVES
AWAY. THE AUK'S
EYE GLEAMS.

THE DOCTOR IS
CROUCHING OVER
A SMALL SILVER
SNUFF BOX ON
THE FLOOR. IT
BEARS THE INITIALS
R.F.C.

ACE CROUCHES
BESIDE HIM)

THE DOCTOR: What do you make of that?

ACE: Dunno. Is it a jewel box?

THE DOCTOR: Snuff.

ACE: (GRIMACING) Inhaling that stuff!
I'm surprised humans made it into
the Twentieth Century.

THE DOCTOR: At this point they haven't
... not yet. What else?

ACE: It's silver. Whose initials
are R.F.C?

(BEHIND THEM A
CURTAIN STIRS)

THE DOCTOR: It's your initiative
test.

ACE: That's why I'm asking questions.
(PEERING AT BOX) When was the Royal
Flying Corps invented?

THE DOCTOR: The name wasn't used
until nineteen twelve. But I'll get
you a badge if you want it. Ask me
another.

ACE: Who is this R.F.C. then?

(SHE REACHES FOR
THE BOX.

THE DOCTOR RAPS
HER HAND BACK
SHARPLY)

Professor! I'm only looking.

THE DOCTOR: Looking's one thing ...

(HE TAKES A SMALL
INSTRUMENT LIKE
A POCKET CALCULATOR
FROM HIS POCKET
AND POINTS IT AT
THE BOX. IT CRACKLES
LIKE A GEIGERCOUNTER)

ACE: It's radioactive.

THE DOCTOR: Very slightly.

ACE: Is it safe?

THE DOCTOR: There is no safe level.

ACE: What about R.F.C?

(A DECORATED
AFRICAN SPEAR
SLIDES DOWN
BETWEEN THEM)

THE DOCTOR: (OBLIVIOUS) Hopefully
he abandoned the box before he came
to any harm.

(ACE NOTICES
THE SPEAR)

ACE: Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: (REGISTERING THE SPEAR)
A Masai assegai - purely ceremonial.

(HE LOOKS UP THE
SPEAR'S LENGTH.

HOLDING THE SPEAR
IS REDVERS FENN-
COOPER, AN INTREPID
EXPLORER OF ABOUT
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS
WITH A HEAVY SUNTAN
AND A BUSHY MOUSTACHE.
HE LOOKS EXHAUSTED,
HAS A COUPLE OF DAYS
STUBBLE AND HIS
TWEED'S LOOK SLEPT
IN.

HE SEEMS VERY
NORMAL, RATIONAL
AND EXTREMELY SANE,
WHICH IS ODD, BECAUSE
HE ISN'T A BIT.

HE POKES THE BOX
WITH THE SPEAR TIP)

REDVERS: Where did you find it?

(THE DOCTOR AND
ACE STAND)

THE DOCTOR: Just here. I wouldn't
touch it if I were you. This is
Ace. I'm the Doctor.

REDVERS: I'm a Fellow of the Royal
Geographical Society.

(THE DOCTOR PUSHES
AWAY THE SPEAR
TIP)

THE DOCTOR: Really? So am I. Several
times over.

(THE DOCTOR AND
REDVERS SHAKE
HANDS)

ACE: Is it your snuff box?

(REDVERS TAKES IN
ACE'S CLOTHES
AND TURNS AWAY,
EMBARRASSED)

REDVERS: Please young lady, you are
barely dressed!

ACE: Who's undressed?

(THE DOCTOR DARTS
IN FRONT OF
ACE)

THE DOCTOR: Excuse my friend, she
originates from a less civilised clime.

ACE: What do you want me to do? Wrap
up in a curtain?

THE DOCTOR: Be quiet, noble savage.

(TO REDVERS)

I'm sure that in the depths of Central
Africa, you've seen far grislier
sights than Ace's ankles.

ACE: He can't see my ankles.

THE DOCTOR: Your boots then.

(TO REDVERS)

You're an explorer, I take it.

REDVERS: I am. But I've seen nothing that equals the atrocities that are rumoured about this house, Gabriel Chase.

THE DOCTOR: Does that ring any bells, Ace?

ACE: No, why? Is this the surprise Professor? Because I'm not impressed.

REDVERS: I'm grateful to find an ally, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: You are?

REDVERS: You've given me the proof I needed.

THE DOCTOR: The snuff box?

(REDVERS REACHES
FOR THE BOX)

ACE: Don't touch it!

(THE DOCTOR HOLDS
HER BACK)

REDVERS: It's the first substantial evidence I've found.

(HE SCOOPS UP
THE BOX)

(CONFIDENTIALLY) I came here to find Redvers Fenn-Cooper, one of the finest explorers in the Empire.

THE DOCTOR: R.F.C.

REDVERS: I knew he was in this house. I am commanded to find him and rescue him from the clutches of that blackguard Josiah Samuel Smith!

(NO SCENES 14 & 15)

16. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(THE HALF GLIMPSED
FIGURE OF JOSIAH
LURKS IN THE
DARKENED ROOM,
STARING INTO HIS
MICROSCOPE.

THE DOOR OPENS
AND HE RECOILS.

MRS. PRITCHARD IS
SILHOUETTED AGAINST
THE LIGHT FLOODING
IN FROM OUTSIDE)

JOSIAH: Light!

(SHE CLOSES THE
DOOR)

Well?

MRS. PRITCHARD: The new guest is
installed in the drawing room as
instructed, sir.

JOSIAH: You're slipping Mrs. Pritchard.
And so are your workers. There are
more strangers in the house. I've
already released Fenn-Cooper, but
where's Nimrod? He should be dealing
with them.

MRS. PRITCHARD: Nimrod has his other
duties.

JOSIAH: As usual I must delegate everything myself. I suggest you set an extra two places for dinner.

MRS. PRITCHARD: Very good, sir.

(MRS. PRITCHARD
LEAVES.

JOSIAH LEANS INTO
VIEW AND PICKS UP
THE TELEPHONE.

HE IS SHORTISH,
MIDDLE-AGED
WITH THICK WHITE
HAIR. HIS SKIN
IS BLEACHED AND HE
WEARS DARK PEBBLE
LENSED SPECTACLES)

ERNEST: Come along Nimrod, you
Darwin's delight.

(THE TELEPHONE
LINE CLICKS)

NIMROD: (OVER THE TELEPHONE) You
rang, sir?

17 INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE ROOM HAS BIG
GAME HEADS AND TRIBAL
MASKS ON THE WALLS.
THERE IS A CABINET
WITH A SET OF GUNS
AND RIFLES INSIDE.)

REDVERS LEADS THE
DOCTOR AND ACE IN AS
IF HE OWNS THE PLACE)

REDVERS: Josiah Smith invited
Redvers here. Redvers is his
sternest opponent and one of ...

ACE: ... the finest explorers in
the Empire.

THE DOCTOR: And he hasn't been
seen since?

(THE DOCTOR PRODUCES
HIS GEIGER COUNTER
AND, UNNOTICED, STARTS
TO RUN IT OVER REDVERS.
IT CRACKLES)

ACE: Perhaps he got lost on the
way.

REDVERS: Henry Stanley found Doctor
Livingstone. I shall find Redvers
Fenn-Cooper.

(HE OPENS THE GUN
CABINET AND STARTS
TO LOOK THROUGH THE
RIFLES)

THE DOCTOR: How long did you say
you'd been in this house?

(REDVERS TAKES OUT
AN ELEPHANT GUN AND
LOADS IT)

ACE: Can we go, Professor? The whole
place gives me the creeps.

THE DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF) I thought
it might.

ACE: He's a headcase. And the house
is like a morgue ... everything dead.

(REDVERS CLICKS THE
GUN SHUT, SMILES,
AND AIMS IT AT THEM.
HE CLICKS THE
SAFETY OFF)

18. INT. LOWER OBSERVATORY. NIGHT.

(NIMROD STANDS BY
THE TABLE, HIS
BACK TURNED,
TALKING ON THE
TELEPHONE.

HE IS SHORTISH AND
SQUAT WITH HUNCHED
SHOULDERS AND VERY
HAIRY HANDS)

NIMROD: Very good, sir. I understand.
I shall be with you shortly.

(NIMROD PUTS THE
TELEPHONE DOWN
AND TURNS TOWARDS
THE DOOR IN THE
WALL.

HE IS AN IMPECCABLY
DRESSED AND MANNERED
NEANDERTHAL MAN-
SERVANT, WITH A
BROAD BONE RIDGE
ABOVE HIS EYES)

19. INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(REDVERS AIMS THE
GUN AT THE DOCTOR
AND ACE, WHO STARE
BACK ACROSS THE
ROOM)

ACE: Stop him, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me what else you
found in the house.

(REDVERS SLOWLY,
LOWERING THE GUN
A LITTLE)

REDVERS: He ... Redvers had some
stories. The pygmies of the Oluti
Forest led him blindfold for three
days through uncharted jungle. They
took him to a swamp full of giant
lizards like living dinosaurs. Do
you know young Conan Doyle just
laughed at him ... That's doctors
for you.

(THE DOCTOR MAKES A CASUAL
MOVE TO INSPECT THE GUN)

THE DOCTOR: That wouldn't be a
Chinese fowling piece, would it?

(REDVERS RAISES
THE GUN)

REDVERS: We're two weeks out from
Zanzibar. I must find Redvers.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me what else you found.

REDVERS: Nothing.

THE DOCTOR: Describe it. It's alright, I'm a doctor.

REDVERS: Yes, there was light.

THE DOCTOR: Bright light?

REDVERS: Burning bright. In the heart of the interior.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me.

REDVERS: It burnt through my eyes into my mind. It had blazing radiant wings!

(HE STEPS BACK AND
STARTS TO AIM THE
GUN AT THE DOCTOR)

ACE: Doctor!

(ACE GOES FOR THE
GUN, BUT HE KNOCKS
HER FLYING BACKWARDS.

HE STARTS TO BACK
THE UNFLINCHING
DOCTOR AGAINST A
CURTAINED FRENCH
WINDOW.

REDVERS, GOING
THROUGH THE MOTIONS
AS HE DESCRIBES
THEM:)

REDVERS: Once when Redvers was in the Congo, he faced a herd of stampeding buffalo head on. He raised his gun and with a single bullet...

(STARING STRAIGHT
INTO THE GUN BARREL,
THE DOCTOR SMARTLY
SIDE STEPS, PULLING
A CORD WHICH OPENS
THE CURTAINS, LEAVING
REDVERS STARING AT
HIS OWN REFLECTION
IN THE DARK WINDOW)

There ... there he is ... Redvers
... I've found you. What have they
done to you? You look like a ghost.

(HE LOWERS THE GUN
AND CONTINUES TO
STARE INTO THE
GLASS)

ACE: Is it really him?

THE DOCTOR: Something he's seen has induced a mental trauma. You'd better get some help.

(THE DOCTOR GENTLY
TAKES THE GUN
FROM REDVERS)

ACE: That'll blow our cover.

(SHE GETS A "JUST
DO IT" LOOK)

Alright, alright.

(ACE OPENS THE DOOR
AND FINDS NIMROD
AND MRS. PRITCHARD
OUTSIDE WITH TWO
MAIDS. THEY ENTER)

NIMROD: (INDICATING REDVERS) There he is.

THE DOCTOR: How do you do, I'm the Doctor.

(IGNORING HIM
TOTALLY, MRS.
PRITCHARD GOES
TO REDVERS AND NONE TOO
GENTLY RAISES
HIM UP)

MRS. PRITCHARD: Mr. Fenn-Cooper, where've you been? We've been worried about you.

(REDVERS STILL
STARING AT HIS
REFLECTION)

REDVERS: Poor old Redvers. Poor old fellow.

NIMROD: (TO THE DOCTOR) A most unfortunate mishap, sir. I trust you and the young lady are not hurt. The gentleman has fits of distracted behaviour and must for his own safety be confined.

(THE MAIDS AND
MRS. PRITCHARD
GUIDE REDVERS
OUT RATHER
ROUGHLY)

THE DOCTOR: I don't want him hurt.

REDVERS: (MOANING) Not the Interior. Please. I don't want to go back to the Interior.

ACE: You don't have to twist his arm like that!

(THE DOCTOR QUIETENS
ACE)

THE DOCTOR: My friend Ace and I were
just passing when ...

NIMROD: My master Mr. Smith asks
if you will join our other guest in
the drawing room.

ACE: Is this an asylum, professor?
With the patients in charge?

THE DOCTOR: Given the chance it could
be absolute bedlam. Thank you, er...

NIMROD: Nimrod, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... thank you, Nimrod.
We'd be delighted to accept.

20. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE TABLE IS NOW
SET FOR FIVE
PEOPLE.

GWENDOLINE IS BY
THE WINDOW LOOKING
UPSET.

ERNEST FACES THE
DOORS AS THE
DOCTOR, ACE AND
NIMROD APPEAR)

ERNEST: So you finally condescend
to meet me, sir. I am "grateful"
for your hospitality.

(THE DOCTOR,
PROFFERING A
HAND, RAISING
A HAT, ETC)

THE DOCTOR: How do you do ...
thank you for coming.

ERNEST: (SEEING ACE) Good Lord!

THE DOCTOR: This is my friend,
Ace.

ERNEST: I see all the stories
are true. You have no shred
of decency. Even parading your
shameless wantons in front of
your guests.

ACE: Does hemean me, Professor?

ERNEST: Professor! And at which scholarly seat did you obtain this latest status?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, there are so many to choose from.

ERNEST: I have it. (POINTING AT ACE) This is some experiment related to your mumbo-jumbo theories. Perhaps she'll evolve into a young lady.

ACE: Who are you calling young lady, bogbrain?!

ERNEST: Not much luck so far.

THE DOCTOR: Quiet, Eliza and be a good girl. I'm making small talk.

NIMROD: If I might explain, sir ...

THE DOCTOR: That's fine, Nimrod. There's still some tea in the pot. See if you can find a couple more cups, thank you very much.

(HE HAS SLIPPED
SOMETHING INTO
NIMROD'S HAND.

THE MANSERVANT
FINDS HIMSELF
WALKING OUT,
LOOKS AT HIS
HAND, IS STARTLED
AND GOES.

GWENDOLINE COMES
UP)

GWENDOLINE: Sir, I think Mr. Matthews is confused.

THE DOCTOR: Never mind, I'll have him completely bewildered by the time I've finished.

ACE: I'll help.

THE DOCTOR: (TO GWENDOLINE) We had some trouble with our carriage and Ace here cannot stay to dinner looking like that.

ACE: Who says?

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps you can find her some more appropriate apparel.

GWENDOLINE: Gladly, sir. Come Alice, you can borrow a dress of mine.

ACE: (WARY) It's Ace. Thanks anyway.

THE DOCTOR: And Ace?

ACE: I'm not wearing a bustle!

THE DOCTOR: At least try for a degree of parlour cred.

20A. EXT. GABRIEL CHASE HOUSE. NIGHT.

(LIGHTNING CRACKS
ACROSS THE PITCH
BLACK SKY ABOVE
THE HOUSE)

21. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(NIMROD FACES
JOSIAH)

JOSIAH: What did he give you,
Nimrod?

NIMROD: Sir?

JOSIAH: What did this strange
little doctor give you? I saw
him.

(NIMROD HOLDS OUT
HIS HAND. IT
CONTAINS A LARGE
CANINE TOOTH)

The tooth of a cave bear?

(THUNDER RUMBLES)

NIMROD: It has magical properties.

JOSIAH: Primitive fiddle faddle.

NIMROD: Only the greatest elders
of my tribe can bestow them.
They are a totem of great power.
(cont ...)

(A FURIOUS ROAR
OF THUNDER)

NIMROD: (cont) The Burning one is
restless tonight.

JOSIAH: Then see to it that we
are not disturbed.

22. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

(THUNDER.

THE DOCTOR
FACES ERNEST)

ERNEST: Now, sir ...

THE DOCTOR: Let me guess. My theories appal you, my heresies outrage you, I never answer letters and you don't like my hat.

ERNEST: You're a worse scoundrel than Darwin.

THE DOCTOR: Just call me Doctor. And how was your journey from Oxford?

ERNEST: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Mortarhouse College, isn't it? I recognise the tie.

ERNEST: You know full well who I am. You invited me here.

(THE DOCTOR HAS
EDGED TOWARDS
THE PIANO.

HE SITS DOWN
TRIUMPHANTLY AND
FLEXES HIS FINGERS,
CONCERT PIANIST
STYLE)

THE DOCTOR: I'm so glad you have the courage of your convictions. Excuse me, it's a long time since I tickled the ivories.

(HE LAUNCHES INTO
HEAVY BOOGIE-WOOGIE.

ERNEST IS AGHAST.

AFTER A FEW BARS,
THE DOCTOR LOOKS
UP AND SEES HIS
RECEPTION)

Ah. So sorry. I was forgetting the time.

(HE DROPS EFFORT-
LESSLY INTO THE
OPENING OF
BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT
SONATA.

IMMEDIATELY, THE
LIGHTS DIM THEM-
SELVES.

ERNEST LOOKS ROUND.

THE DOOR OPENS AND
JOSIAH MAKES HIS
ENTRANCE)

Josiah Samuel Smith I presume.
I am The Doctor. And this is ...?

JOSIAH: The Reverend Ernest Matthews, Dean of Mortarhouse College, Oxford. Your servant, sirs. Welcome to Gabriel Chase.

THE DOCTOR: You can't beat a dramatic entrance.

JOSIAH: Two scholars. I never fail to marvel at the abundance of subspecies in the genus Homo Victorianus.

(NO SCENE 23)

24. INT. EMPTY BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(REDVERS IN A
STRAIT-JACKET
SITS ON THE
FLOOR, PROPPED
AGAINST THE WALL.

HE IS TERRIFIED.

THE GLARE OF THE
LIGHTNING FLASHES
THROUGH THE WINDOW.

HE STARES AT THE
SNUFF BOX, WHICH
LIES ON THE FLOOR
NEARBY.

THE WINDOW BEGINS
TO FLICKER WITH
COLOURED LIGHT,
BECOMING LIKE THE
PANELS OF A
STAINED GLASS
WINDOW.

REDVERS BRACES
HIMSELF.

WITH A PULSING
HUMMING NOISE,
THE SNUFF BOX
LID SLOWLY BEGINS
TO OPEN BY ITSELF,
REVEALING A
BRILLIANT WHITE
LIGHT INSIDE)

25. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

(JOSIAH IS SHOWING
THE DOCTOR A CASE
OF MOUNTED MOTHS)

JOSIAH: I recently made a study
of these moths. Even in one species
there can be a wide variation of
markings from the countryside to
the town.

THE DOCTOR: Fascinating.

JOSIAH: I'm certain they are
adapting to survive the smoke
with which industry is tainting
the land.

ERNEST: I've listened enough to
this. It's time you accounted
for yourself and your theories.

(THE DOCTOR IS
STUCK BETWEEN
JOSIAH AND ERNEST
LIKE A TENNIS
UMPIRE)

THE DOCTOR: Never bite the hand
that feeds you, Dean. Not until
after dinner anyway.

JOSIAH: I shall be happy to
consent, Matthews. But I had
hoped to find you more "adaptable".

ERNEST: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Still, it's one way of working up an appetite.

JOSIAH: You are an academic and a city man. You certainly shout like one. (THREAT) In the country you will find it prudent to converse in more restrained tones.

THE DOCTOR: Sound advice.

ERNEST: I won't listen to such nonsense!

(THUNDER RUMBLES)

THE DOCTOR: Adapt or become extinct, Ernest.

ERNEST: No-one asked for your opinion, sir!

THE DOCTOR: Nevertheless, I suggest you concede to my wisdom ... and button it!

ERNEST: I beg your pardon!

THE DOCTOR: Why not read Darwin, instead of just condemning him. (SMILES) It's all a matter of survival.

(A DISTANT CRY
FROM REDVERS)

25A. INT. GWENDOLINE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(GWENDOLINE IS BEHIND
A SCREEN CHANGING
HER CLOTHES.

ACE IN CLOSE-UP, SO
WE CANNOT YET SEE HER
NEW OUTFIT, (SEE
SCENE TWENTY-SEVEN).

REDVERS' CRY AGAIN)

ACE: Something's happening. Come
on.

(GWENDOLINE'S HEAD
POKES OVER THE TOP
OF THE SCREEN)

GWENDOLINE: Wait, Ace. Wait for
me!

26. INT. EMPTY BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(REDVERS IS
UNABLE TO MOVE
AS THE LIGHT
FROM THE BOX
NOW FILLS THE
WHOLE ROOM.

THE AIR PULSES
WITH THE HUMMING)

27. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(A LIGHT BLAZES
UNDER ONE OF
THE DOORS.

MRS. PRITCHARD IS
TRYING TO FORCE
THE DOOR.

ACE AND GWENDOLINE,
BOTH WEARING MEN'S
EVENING DRESS,
RUN UP. (BUT THEY
BOTH STILL HAVE
THEIR HAIR LONG))

GWENDOLINE: Mrs. Pritchard. What's
happening?

(MRS. PRITCHARD
STEPS BACK,
ASTONISHED BY
THE GIRLS' CLOTHES)

MRS. PRITCHARD: The door is jammed,
Miss.

ACE: Let me have a go.

(SHE BARGES IN
AND TRIES THE
DOOR.

ANOTHER CRY FROM
REDVERS INSIDE.

ACE MOVES BACK
TO GET A DECENT
SWING WITH HER
FOOT)

O.K. stand clear.

ACE STARTS TO
BOOT THE DOOR)

THE DOCTOR: Ace!

(THE DOCTOR,
JOSIAH, ERNEST
AND NIMROD HURRY
UP)

There's no need to wreck the joint.

ACE: I haven't got any Nitro.

JOSIAH: Nimrod, see to the door.

(NIMROD MOVES TO
THE DOOR.

MRS. PRITCHARD
PUSHES THE OTHERS
BACK)

MRS. PRITCHARD: Please stand clear,
gentlemen. Everything is under control.

(THE CANDLES SHE
CARRIES FLARE UP
SHOOTING SPARKS
LIKE ROMAN CANDLES.

NIMROD STARTS TO
HEAVE HIS WEIGHT
AGAINST THE DOOR.

THERE IS A MUFFLED
CRACKLING SOUND)

THE DOCTOR: Latent energy ignition.

ACE: You're crackling, Professor.

(THE DOCTOR DELVES
INTO HIS POCKET
AND PRODUCES HIS
GEIGERCOUNTER
WHICH IS CRACKLING
LIKE A RADIOACTIVE
BREAKFAST BOWL.

THE DOCTOR AND
ACE EXCHANGE
WORRIED LOOKS)

THE DOCTOR: I like the tuxedo.

(NIMROD BREAKS
THE DOOR IN.

SMOKE AND BLAZING
LIGHT POUR FROM
THE DOORWAY.

JOSIAH RECOILS,
SHIELDING HIS EYES
FROM THE GLARE,
WHICH STARTS TO
FADE)

ACE: Terrific!

THE DOCTOR: Peanuts. Just residual
static from the electrical storm.

(A GYNORMOUS FLASH
OF LIGHTNING MAKES
EVEN THE DOCTOR
BLANCH - A BIT)

28. INT. EMPTY ROOM. NIGHT.

(TREMENDOUS THUNDER.
THE GLARE DIES.

NIMROD ENTERS THE
ROOM, FOLLOWED
IMMEDIATELY BY
THE DOCTOR.

REDVERS IS HUNCHED
ON THE FLOOR WITH
HIS HEAD HIDDEN.

NIMROD TURNS AND
TRIES TO PUSH
THE DOCTOR BACK)

NIMROD: I'm sorry Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Redvers. What did you
see?

(REDVERS TURNS
SLOWLY AND LOOKS
UP. HIS HAIR HAS
GONE COMPLETELY
WHITE)

REDVERS: Poor old Redvers. The poor
fellow went quite mad, you know. They
had to lock him away.

(NIMROD PUSHES
THE DOCTOR AWAY,
BACK TO THE DOOR
WHERE MRS. PRITCHARD
IS HOLDING ACE
BACK)

NIMROD: You must leave, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: He may need help.

ACE: What's happened, Professor?

MRS. PRITCHARD: This way please.

(NIMROD CLOSES THE
DOOR ON THE DOCTOR.
HE TURNS BACK TO
REDVERS AND
CROUCHES BY HIM)

NIMROD: (URGENTLY) Mr. Fenn-Cooper.
Tell me what you saw. I must know.

28A. EXT. GABRIEL CHASE HOUSE. NIGHT.

(MORE LIGHTNING)

29. INT. DRAWING/DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND
ACE ARGUE WITH
JOSIAH.

AT THE OTHER END
OF THE ROOM,
ERNEST AND GWENDOLINE
STUDIOUSLY IGNORE
EACH OTHER)

THE DOCTOR: I wanted to see him!

JOSIAH: Out of the question.

ACE: He could have been badly burned.

(NIMROD ENTERS)

JOSIAH: He will be well taken care of.

ACE: I bet.

NIMROD: Doctor, I can personally
assure you that Mr. Fenn-Cooper is being
made comfortable and will come to no
harm.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
NIMROD STRAIGHT IN
THE EYE AND NODS
KNOWINGLY)

THE DOCTOR: Only the madman may see
the clear path through the tangled forest.

NIMROD: (BOWING REVERENTLY) So has it
always been known.

JOSIAH: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Nimrod,
you also have other duties.

NIMROD: Yes, sir.

(NIMROD LEAVES)

ACE: (TO THE DOCTOR) He's a
Neanderthal, isn't he?

THE DOCTOR: The finest example
I've seen this side of the Stone
Age.

30. INT. LOWER OBSERVATORY.

(THE MAIN CHAMBER.

NIMROD ENTERS AND
CROSSES TO A
CENTRAL CURTAIN,
WHICH HE HURRIEDLY
DRAWS BACK.

IT REVEALS A STONE
MACHINE CONSOLE
WITH A SLAB TOP
FROM WHICH RISE
A MASS OF CRYSTAL
RODS IN DIFFERENT
COLOURS, LIKE A
3D RELIEF STAINED
GLASS WINDOW, LIT
FROM BENEATH.

ON THE WALL BEYOND
THIS IS THE CIRCULAR
MEMBRANE OF A LARGE
INSECT CELL, INSIDE
WHICH MOVES A
RESTLESS ALIEN SHADOW.

NIMROD BOWS BEFORE
IT AND REVERENTLY
PASSES HIS HANDS
OVER THE CRYSTALS
ON THE SLAB.

AS THE ENERGY
FLOW STARTS TO
PULSE TO A LOWER
BEAT, SHADOWS
BEHIND THE OTHER
CURTAINS BEGIN TO
MOVE AND SWAY.

WE SEE FROM THE
P.O.V. OF SOMETHING
WHICH PUSHES ASIDE
ITS CURTAIN AND
MOVES FORWARD,
LUMBERING UP BEHIND
NIMROD AS HE ATTENDS
TO HIS MACHINE.

A HEAVY BONE
SHATTERS ACROSS
NIMROD'S SKULL.

HE COLLAPSES.

A HUSKY, GENDERLESS
VOICE SPEAKS FROM
WITHIN THE CELL)

CONTROL: Did that hurt? Good.

31 INT DRAWING/DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

(JOSIAH SITS AT THE
TOP OF THE TABLE
WITH GWENDOLINE
NEXT TO HIM ON ONE
SIDE, THE DOCTOR
AND ACE ON THE
OTHER AND ERNEST
AT THE FAR END.

MRS PRITCHARD IS IN
ATTENDANCE WITH TWO
MAIDS)

ACE: I still haven't worked out
where this place is.

ERNEST: (TO JOSIAH) And I am still
waiting for an explanation of your
unholy and blasphemous theories.

ACE: What theories?

THE DOCTOR: The theories that have
turned 19th century science on its
head. Darwinism.

(ERNEST GETS TO HIS
FEET)

ACE: Is there a free lecture thrown
in with dinner?

THE DOCTOR: Sermons are his
speciality.

ACE: Are we meant to take notes?

ERNEST: Mr. smith disputes Man's
rightful dominion over the forces of
nature.

JOSIAH: I can recommend the potatoes,
Doctor.

ERNEST: Instead, he says that Mankind
should itself adapt to serve nature or
become extinct!

(HE WIATS FOR AN
EXPLOSION OF
DISAPPROVAL.

INSTEAD, THE
TELEPHONE IS HEARD
RINGING IN THE
STUDY NEXT DOOR.
MORE OF A TRILL
THAN A RING.

THE DOCTOR SMILES)

JOSIAH: Please, excuse me.

(HE RISES AND
GOES)

ERNEST: Infernal telephonic machines.

ACE: Let's ring out for a take-away.
Anyone fancy a curry?

THE DOCTOR: I know a nice little
restaurant on the Khyber Pass.

32. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(THE TELEPHONE
RINGS. JOSIAH
ANSWERS IT)

JOSIAH: Nimrod? What's going on?
I told you not to ring me now. Nimrod?
... Are you there?

(CONTROL, HUSKY
AND DELIBERATE
ON THE OTHER END
OF THE LINE)

CONTROL: I escape!

(JOSIAH SLAMS THE
TELEPHONE DOWN
ANGRILY AND TURNS
ROUND.

HE IS FACE TO FACE
WITH THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Having trouble with your
connections? Perhaps I can help.

(ACE, FROM THE
HALL - VERY ANGRY)

ACE: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: On the other hand, I think
I have an emergency of my own. Excuse
me. Time to emerge.

(THE DOCTOR HURRIES
OUT, ALMOST
COLLIDING WITH
MRS. PRITCHARD,
WHO IS ON THE
WAY IN)

JOSIAH: Mrs. Pritchard, a problem
has arisen. Ask Ernest Matthews to
join me in here. Then no one is to
disturb us.

33. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(ACE STANDS AT
THE FOOT OF THE
STAIRS)

ACE: (BAWLING) Doctor! Where are
you? I want to talk to you!

(THE DOCTOR DASHES
UP)

THE DOCTOR: Ace, what's the matter?

ACE: (LIVID) Faceache Matthews in
there says this house has a domed
observatory on the roof and a stone
angel by the front door!

THE DOCTOR: So?

ACE: It was all falling down last time
I saw it in nineteen eighty three! You
tricked me! This is Perivale!

(TWO OF THE MAIDS
COME OUT OF THE
DRAWING ROOM.

ACE RUNS OFF
TOWARDS THE
TROPHY ROOM)

THE DOCTOR: Ace!

(HE HURRIES AFTER
HER)

34. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(ERNEST STEPS
IN. MRS. PRITCHARD
BEHIND HIM.

JOSIAH IS SITTING
BEHIND HIS DESK)

JOSIAH: Ernest. Please sit down.

(ERNEST COMES
WARILY FORWARD
AND SITS IN A
CHAIR OPPOSITE
JOSIAH)

I am afraid that something unforeseen
has arisen. I shall have to ask you
to wait a little longer.

ERNEST: After coming so far sir, I
have no intention of leaving until I
have gained full satisfaction.

JOSIAH: Then we are in accord.
Mrs. Pritchard, see to it that the
Dean's time passes as quickly as possible.

(FROM BEHIND ERNEST,
MRS. PRITCHARD'S
HAND CLAMPS A PAD
OVER HIS FACE.

HE GRASPS FORWARD
AT THE AIR)

35. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

(GWENDOLINE, SEATED AT
THE PIANO, IS SINGING
AND PLAYING SOME
SUITABLY IRONIC
VICTORIAN PARLOUR
SONG ABOUT BIRDS IN
GILDED CAGES OR THE
LIKE)

36. INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(ACE STANDS ALONE
ALMOST IN TEARS AND
DESPERATELY ANGRY.

THE DOCTOR WAITS
QUIETLY BEHIND HER)

THE DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Ace.

(ACE TENSES, REFUSING
TO TURN AND LOOK AT
HIM)

ACE: It's true isn't it? This is
the house I told you about.

THE DOCTOR: (SHRUGGING) When you're
thirteen, you'll climb over the wall
for a dare.

ACE: That's your surprise, isn't it?
Bringing me back here.

THE DOCTOR: Remind me what it was
that you sensed when you got into
the deserted house. An aura of intense
evil?

ACE: Don't you have things you hate?

THE DOCTOR: I can't stand burnt toast and I loathe bus stations. Nasty places, full of lost souls and lost luggage.

ACE: I told you I never wanted to come back here.

THE DOCTOR: And then there's unrequited love and tyranny and cruelty ...

ACE: Too right.

THE DOCTOR: We each have a universe of our own terrors to face.

ACE: I face mine on my own terms.

THE DOCTOR: Don't tell me you didn't want to know what happened to this house.

ACE: No!

THE DOCTOR: But you've already learned something you'd never have recognised as an ordinary earth child.

ACE: Like what?

THE DOCTOR: The nature of the horror you sensed in this place.

ACE: (FOREBODING) It's alien.

37. INT. STUDY. NIGHT.

(JOSIAH SMILES)

JOSIAH: How amusing. Another specimen.

(MRS. PRITCHARD STANDS
BEHIND ERNEST, WHO IS
SLUMPED IN THE CHAIR
UNCONSCIOUS)

MRS. PRITCHARD: For the collection,
sir?

JOSIAH: No, not yet. This one is
for the toybox. I think he'll be
very amusing.

38. INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(ACE AND THE DOCTOR.
AS SCENE 36)

THE DOCTOR: Come back to dinner,
Ace.

(ACE IS SILENT.
THE DOCTOR TURNS
TO LEAVE)

ACE: When I lived here in Perivale,
me and my best mate, we dossed around
together. We'd out dare each other
on things. Skiving off. Stupid
things. Then they burnt out Manesha's
flat. White kids firebombed it and I
didn't care anymore.

(THE DOCTOR MOVES
IN CLOSER TO HER)

THE DOCTOR: I think that you really
cared a lot. Ace.

ACE: That's when I came over the wall
to the house. This house. I was so
mad and I needed to get away. It was
empty, all overgrown and falling down.
I didn't know it had a name. No one
came here. But when I got inside, it
was even worse. I didn't know then ...
it was horrible ...

THE DOCTOR: What did you do?
(cont ...)

- 1/86 -

(THE DOOR OPENS
AND JOSIAH ENTERS.

FROM THE DRAWING ROOM
COMES THE SOUND OF
MUSIC.

ACE CLAMS UP)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Tell me, Ace.

JOSIAH: Doctor? I must speak with
you.

ACE: Excuse me.

(ACE HURRIES OUT,
LEAVING THE FRUSTATED
DOCTOR STUCK WITH
JOSIAH)

- 1/86 -

39. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(ACE HEADS FOR
THE STAIRS.

MRS. PRITCHARD IS ON
THE LANDING ABOVE
GIVING INSTRUCTIONS
TO A MAID.

ACE HEADS ROUND BESIDE
THE STAIRCASE AND
FINDS THE OPEN DOOR
IN THE PANELLING,
REVEALING THE LIFT.

SHE GOES INSIDE AND
SHUTS THE DOOR OF
THE LIFT.

PRESSING BUTTONS
EXPECTANTLY, SHE
LOOKS UP AS THE
ENGINES ENGAGE.

THE LIFT GOES DOWN
(THROUGH THE FLOOR)

40. INT. TROPHY ROOM. NIGHT.

(JOSIAH AND THE
DOCTOR)

JOSIAH: I need your help, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. It can't be easy
being so far away from home.
Struggling to adapt to an alien
environment.

JOSIAH: My roots are in this house.
I'm as human as you are.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, really?

JOSIAH: How you fancy people despise
me. With your Doctorates and your
Professorships.

THE DOCTOR: Honours aren't everything.

JOSIAH: I am afflicted with an enemy.
A vile and base creature pitted
against me, that I am forced to serve.
All of us in this house are in its
power. I believe you can assist me in
defeating it.

THE DOCTOR: I'm not interested in
money. How much?

- 1/89 -

JOSIAH: Five thousand guineas to rid
me of the evil brute.

THE DOCTOR: Now that's what I call
Victorian Value. But I'm still not
interested in money.

- 1/89 -

41. INT. LIFT.

(THE LIFT IS TRAVELLING
DOWN WITH ACE INSIDE.
SHE IS FRIGHTENED.

IT JOLTS TO A HALT.

ACE WARILY OPENS THE
DOOR)

42. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(MRS. PRITCHARD
LOOKING AT THE
OPEN DOOR IN THE
PANELLING.)

SHE LISTENS TO THE
LIFT DOORS OPEN
DOWN BELOW. SHE
SMILES AND SEALS
THE DOOR IN THE
PANELLING)

43. INT. LOWER OBSERVATORY AND ACCESS
TUNNEL.

(ACE COMES OUT OF
THE LIFT.

SHE MOVES ALONG THE
TUNNEL, TAKING IN
THE CAVE PAINTINGS.

BEHIND HER, THE LIFT
DOOR SLIDES SHUT WITH
A CLUNK. ACE RUNS
BACK TO THE DOOR AND
TRIES TO OPEN IT.
THE LIFT GOES UP.

SHE TURNS AND HURRIES
DOWN THE TUNNEL.

SHE ENTERS THE MAIN
CHAMBER AND SEES THE
STONE MACHINES.

NIMROD IS PROPPED
UP AGAINST THE WALL
CLOSE TO THE DOOR.
HE IS UNCONSCIOUS.

AS ACE BENDS OVER
HIM, SHE HEARS THE
HUSKY, ROUGH VELVET
VOICE OF CONTROL
FROM BEHIND THE
DOOR)

CONTROL: There's new scent in the
dark. Listen. Pulsing, warming,
racing blood. Smells like ratkin!
(cont ...)

(A CURTAIN SLOWLY
DRAWS OPEN TO REVEAL
A TABLEAU OF TWO
STUFFED ALIEN CREATURES
(THE HUSKS). BOTH
GROTESQUELY DEVOLVED:
BIPEDAL, BUT WITH
BLEACHED WHITE HEADS:
ONE REPTILE LIKE,
THE OTHER, INSECT
LIKE WITH A MASS OF
GLOBULAR EYES.

BOTH OF THEM WEAR
VICTORIAN STYLE SUITS
LIKE THE ONE JOSIAH
WEARS.

ACE BACKS AWAY FROM
THEM.

CONTROL: (cont) Wake up. Move
yourselves! Come on. Ratkin's come
to visit! (cont ...)

(ACE JUMPS AT THE
SOUND OF A BIRD'S
WINGS FLUTTERING.

A BIRD CRIES OUT,
BUT THE STUFFED
BIRDS ARE UNMOVING.

THIS IS ACE'S WORST
NIGHTMARE. THE ONE
SHE FACES ON HER
TERMS, NOT SOMEONE
ELSE'S.

DISTRACTED BY THE
BIRDS, SHE DOES NOT
SEE THE REPTILE HUSK
RAISE A CREST ON ITS
HEAD AND TURN TO LOOK
AT HER.

- 1/94 -

CONTROL WHISPERS
FROM ITS CELL)

CONTROL: (cont) Move. Come on.
Move. Move. Move.

(ACE TURNS AND SEES
THE HUSKS ALL STARTING
TO MOVE IN CHOREOGRAPHIC
UNISON TOWARDS HER!)

FADE OUT

- 94 -